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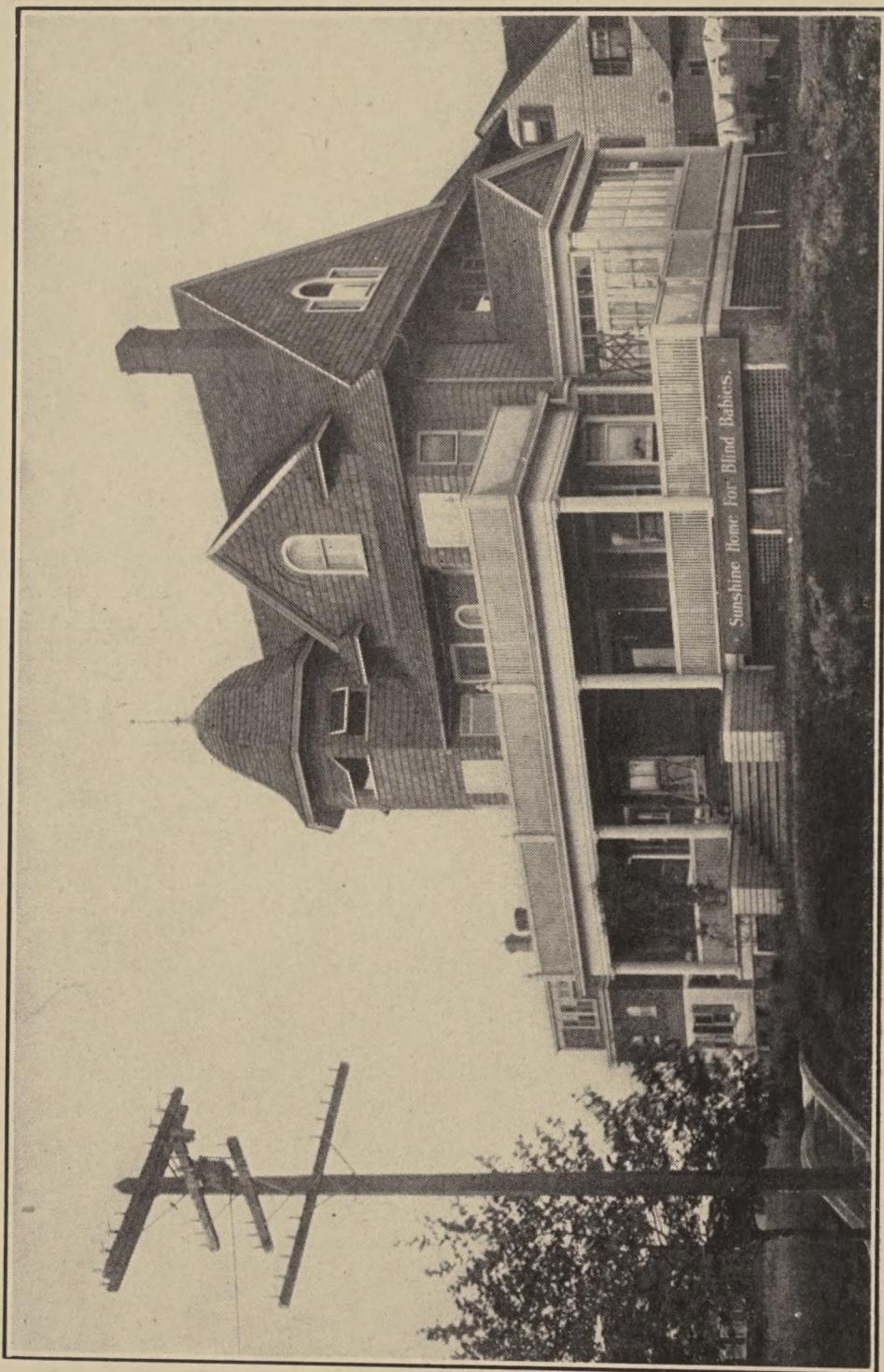
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MY BLIND CHILDREN'S FAIRY
TALES

SUNSHINE HOME FOR BLIND BABIES



MY BLIND CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALES

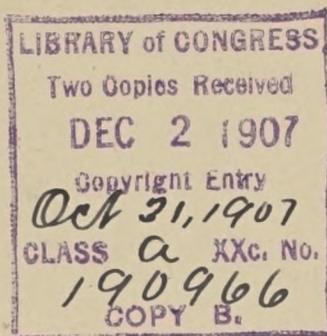
BY *madden*
CYNTHIA M. *ay* TREGEAR



SUNSHINE HOME FOR BLIND BABIES

84TH STREET AND 13TH AVENUE, DYKER HEIGHTS
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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CYNTHIA M. TREGEAR

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THE BLIND BABIES

“We always see things in terms of our past experience, and not as things actually are. The truths of our world are determined by what we see, but we for the most part see only those things which we can join to something in our line of experience. Other things do not exist for us. Their truths are not a part of our world. The brain is a changed organ after each sensation or perception. Any new perception must feel the reflecting force of former perceptions.

“A woman may apperceive a passing bird as an ornament to her bonnet; a fruit grower, as an insect killer; a poet, as a songster; an artist, as a fine bit of coloring and form.

“There is a story of a boy who concealed himself in a tree and watched the passers. When one man remarked

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to his friend what a fine stick of timber the tree would make, the boy said, ‘Good morning, Mr. Carpenter.’ Soon another passer said, ‘That is good bark,’ ‘Good morning, Mr. Tanner.’ Presently a young man remarked, ‘I’ll venture there’s a squirrel’s nest in that tree!’ ‘Good morning, Mr. Hunter!’ In one sense those men saw exactly the same tree, had the same sensation of color and light from the same object; but from the way the men apperceived the tree, the boy was able to tell their leading vocations.”—*Halleck.*

If I take it upon myself to tell the friends of the blind something about blind babies, I do it, according to Halleck, in terms of my past experience. This experience is that of a trained nurse who, for a number of years, has cared for mothers and infants, sick children and sick adults, the nervous and the insane,

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and for seven years has had charge of blind babies.

To these blind babies I have stood in a relation of more than paid nurse; for I have taken a loving interest in these unfortunates who, without some special, intelligent and loving care, are "dead more than half," as Milton puts it; to whom the world is

"... dark, dark, dark amid the blaze
of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
Without all hope of day."

I have observed them with a view to finding out in what respects they are the same as, and in what respects they differ from, seeing children, and accordingly require a different environment and a different training.

They are the same as seeing children in that they have the same physical needs

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as the seeing; the same need, if they are to be at all comfortable and happy, of healthy bodies and healthy bodily functions. The same conditions that insure health and vigor to the seeing child, viz., proper food, cleanliness, fresh air and sunlight, opportunities for bodily activity and an atmosphere of cheerfulness, are also necessary for the blind child. For both the end in view is so to equip themselves for the struggle for existence as to get the greatest amount of comfort and happiness out of life which is compatible with that struggle. But how different are their points of departure!

It must be remembered that we are comparing the blind baby with the average normal infant. No sooner has the normal infant appeared upon the scene than his instincts begin to assert themselves and he forthwith devotes himself to the task of growing and developing all his faculties by the aid of such means as

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nature and the average parent have provided for this purpose. But the blind baby is handicapped from the start. He has lost nature's most powerful ally, and the average parent is unequal to coping with this circumstance. These are his drawbacks in a nutshell; let us look at them more closely.

Only the smallest percentage of blind babies are born blind. Most of them meet with infection and become blind through ignorance and neglect. They begin life with pain and suffering. Often they are subjected to an operation when they are but a few months old and the eyes are entirely taken out. What wonder, then, that in the course of my experience I have met with blind babies six and seven months old who have never smiled! In their short lives they had known nothing but discomfort and pain, no ray of light—in every sense of the word—had entered it. They are sickly and frail.

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Because they are blind few parents realize that their need of sunlight and air is just as great as that of the seeing child. Thus the unfortunates are deprived also of this source of health and strength—the birthright of every child—even in cases where utmost poverty does not prevent the parents from providing wholesome surroundings.

Every person of any intelligence nowadays realizes the great influence the mind exercises over the body. The devitalizing effect on all the organs and functions of the body of a depressed, worried, and strained mind, or that of a person who broods over his troubles, physical or otherwise, is very well known. Has any one ever considered that even an infant can be affected in this way and be retarded in his growth and development?

All the blind babies that I have had any experience with were physically very far from normal when I first took charge

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of them. Almost all were undersized and puny, as the following memoranda that I made of the respective ages and weights of some of them may show. C., boy, nine months old, eleven and one-half pounds; L., boy, one year old, seventeen pounds; V., girl, eight months old, eleven pounds; C., boy, fourteen months old, fourteen and one-half pounds; H., girl, eleven months old, eleven and one-half pounds; M., girl, seven months old, seven and one-half pounds; same, twenty-three months old, seventeen pounds; K., girl, eleven months old, fourteen and one-half pounds; W., boy, two months old, four and one-half pounds; A., boy, three months old, nine pounds. All had weak digestive organs, and some were nothing but a bundle of sensitive, irritable nerves. All were unhappy, uncomfortable little creatures whose cry was but a wail of sadness and despair and they were inactive and lifeless. If they were old

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enough to realize that there was something wrong with them, that something was withheld from them, and that the seat of this imperfection was the eyes, they began to rub and punch their eyes, shake their hands in front of them, and sit for hours doing just this and swaying their bodies to and fro. It was distressing to see them, it gave them an aspect of imbecility, and one could not help fearing that these habits would become a mania and would seriously cripple their mental faculties. Undoubtedly there is great danger of this if these unfortunate children are left to themselves and are not kept amused and interested in something outside of themselves.

If the fact of blindness with its concomitant ills thus handicaps a baby's physical development from the start, how much smaller must its chances be for normal mental development? A healthy seeing baby, even if little or no

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attention is paid to him, will learn to speak, acquire in the course of time a tolerably accurate knowledge of the world about him, and will spontaneously unfold his mental faculties, as a plant will unfold its leaves and flowers. But what is a blind baby, blind practically from birth, and rendered apathetic through physical suffering and weakness, to learn of a world it can never see? Unless special and infinite pains are taken to educate his sense of touch and with the aid of this sense to interpret his other sense impressions for him, even sound must remain meaningless, and language a sealed book.

Professor William James tells us, in his "Talks to Teachers on Psychology," of the law of transitoriness of instinct, by which he means that many impulsive tendencies ripen at a certain age and then fade away. He says: "In children we observe a ripening of impulses and

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interests in a certain determinate order. Creeping, walking, climbing, imitating vocal sounds, constructing, drawing, calculating possess the child in succession.

. . . Later the interest in any one of these things may wholly fade away. Of course, the proper pedagogic moment to work skill in, and to clinch the useful habit, is when the native impulse is most acutely present."

If this is true, how much more closely than a seeing child must a blind child be watched and observed in order to detect the happy moment of awakened interest and impulse in any direction. The seeing child will follow his impulse and form a habit on "half a chance," so to speak. The blind child has to be drawn out and assisted in every step he takes. How many irretrievable losses must come to him from the inability of parents and nurses to understand or cope with his special needs!

The Blind Babies

I have known twelve blind babies in a room together, of all ages, from four months to two years, and continually together for weeks and months, paying no attention to each other, and as perfectly indifferent to each other's existence as though they had been blocks of wood. It took from nine months to a year before they could be made to become interested in and play with each other. But I have also lived to see this same sickly, dejected, listless and lifeless little company become firm of flesh, clear skinned, rosy and active, and altogether as comfortable, happy, wide-awake, and well-behaved little tots as one could wish to see.

It is slow work. There are no rapid gains in the first year of a blind baby's life. But when a blind baby has lived in a good home for about a year, has had plenty of fresh air and sunshine and loving care, has been sung to and talked to and played with in such a manner as

The Blind Babies

to arouse his interest in the objects within his reach, his progress is marked. If there are no other organic drawbacks he will then become a healthy, active child, despite his blindness. And unless such a foundation has been laid, in what condition will the teacher receive the blind child when he has reached the Kindergarten or school age? In order that a child may be able to do good work in a school it is certainly necessary that he enter the schoolroom a cheerful, happy child, "running over" with energy and activity.

When I entered upon my work with the blind babies I did not expect it to be so much like hospital work. But although it has been uphill and often very discouraging I have taken great comfort in it and loved it. Whatever success I have had, this is the greatest which I have been able to record in my diary: "now our playroom rings with laughter and the clatter of little feet at play."

INTRODUCTION TO THE FAIRY TALES

In offering this small collection of original fairy tales and stories told to me by the blind children in the Kindergarten Home of the International Sunshine Branch for the Blind, I can only say that I hope that they will entertain you as much as they entertained me.

Some of the stories were told when the children gathered about my chair asking me for a story and giving me in return a story all their own. Others were told in the Kindergarten when "we went to Fairyland." But the grand time of all for story-telling was the summer vacation when the boys dressed in overalls and the girls in rompers, and spent the morn-

Introduction to the

ing playing in the sand at the beach, and the early afternoon playing games on the green, or gathering the never to be forgotten "Bounce Betts."

How the children shouted with joy when the little whistle blew to tell them to make ready for the story hour. Little heads popped up from all around the grounds and little feet started; some ran in their eagerness to be the first to show the treasures found on the beach, or the bunch of pretty flowers. Then there was the scramble for the wash-room and later one by one they appeared on the piazza looking "spick an' span." (We shall say nothing about the boy who forgot to comb his back hair, and the other fellow who wet his hair so much that the water ran down his face in streams.) Each boy and girl walked proudly out on the piazza, and helped himself to an old magazine or book and sat in a little chair just his own size, or, if he preferred, sat

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on the floor and crossed his legs and “played read.”

The stories spun out by the yard! I found them so interesting, after a time, that it at last occurred to me to preserve some of them. What fun we had “playing read”! We all laughed at the funny stories and said nice things about the pretty ones.

Sometimes we “played library,” and sat “prim and proper” around the table, book in hand, and played read until we heard the supper bell. After supper the boys and girls found their own way upstairs and undressed themselves and went to bed like other folks. Such a buzz of little voices; and the prayers,—shall we ever forget them? There was the Hebrew boy standing by his bed saying the prayer his mother had taught him, and there was the face of little Cornelius as he knelt beside his bed with his hands clasped saying:

Introduction to the

“Our Father Who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom
come. Thy will be done on earth, As it
is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily
bread. And forgive us our sins, As we
forgive those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation; But de-
liver us from evil: For thine is the king-
dom, and the power, and the glory, for ever
and ever. Amen.

“God bless Alfred [the colored man],
our pet dog Buster, Mr. and Mrs. Alden,
Mrs. Beattie and our little friend Mary.
God bless everybody in the whole world.
Amen.”

Then from the other corner of the room
Robert could be heard saying:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Fairy Tales

“God bless father and mother. God bless me and make me a good boy. Dear God, please make my eyes strong, and please make mother’s headache stronger and mother’s toothache strong. Amen.”

Then there was the prayer of the little Bandmaster. It always ended: “And please make every little eye well.”

By eight o’clock all the little children were fast asleep, and they slept quietly till six o’clock in the morning.

By seven o’clock they had all washed and dressed and were ready for breakfast. Soon after the musical gong called them to the dining room, their voices could be heard saying in unison:

“To-day has come and I
In this new day will try
To do with earnest mind
Whatever work I find.

Introduction to the Fairy Tales

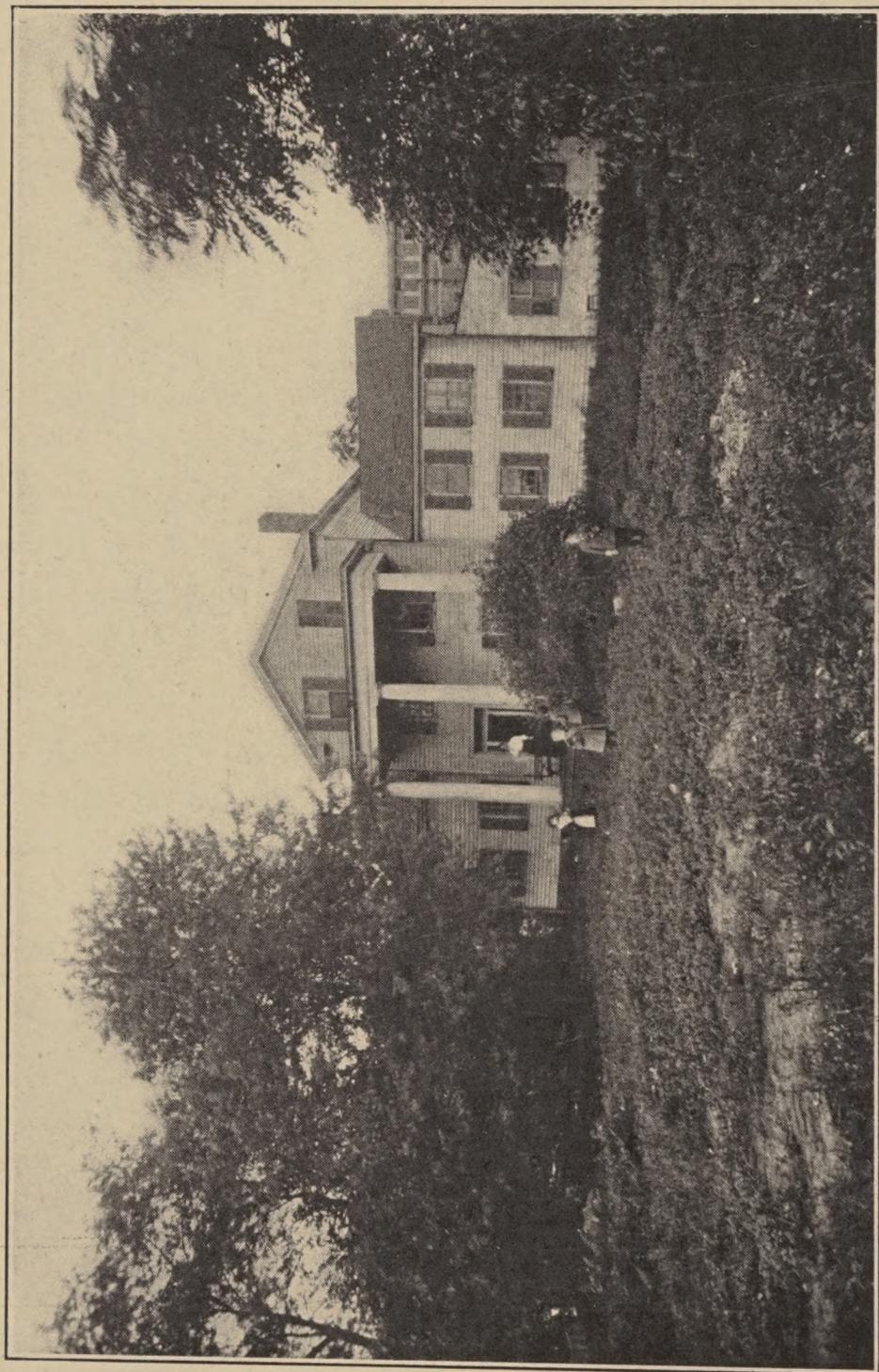
In all my work and play,
I'll do my best to-day,
In gentleness to speak,
For others' joy to seek.
And all the whole day long
I'll try with purpose strong,
To keep my spirit true,
And deeds of love to do."

I have tried to set down accurately
the language of the children as it fell
from their lips, regardless of grammatical
or other errors.

C. M. T.

"In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition. The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less. How can Less not feel the pain; how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make of it. He almost shuns their eye; he fears they will upbraid God. What should they do? It seems a great injustice. But see the facts nearly and these mountainous inequalities vanish. Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea. The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases. His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me."—*Emerson.*

WHEN THE LITTLE WHISTLE BLEW



MY BLIND CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALES

STORIES BY RACHEL

THE LITTLE FAIRY IN BLUE

I saw a little fairy dressed in blue and she wore a yellow pin. She went out and found a little fairy girl and she gave her roses and buttercups. They gave her some flowers to bring home.

THE FAIRY AND THE BIRDS

Once upon a time there was a little fairy who went to see the birds every afternoon. The birds sang songs to the fairy, and the fairy sang to the birds.

My Blind Children's

THE LITTLE ANT

Once there was a little girl and she was trying to catch some little ants. She asked her mother to help her; they found an ant and they looked at him and then let him go. The little girl said, "The ants are nice little people!"

A FAIRY STORY

A little fairy was walking through a park and she found a very poor lady, and she gave her some money. Then the lady got a carpenter to build her a green house. The little fairy came and lived with the lady.

A fairy bird came and flew into a cage that was hanging in the room, and when they heard it sing they were surprised—they could not tell what it was. The bird said: "Chirp, chirp, chirp!" and they looked into the cage and there was the

Fairy Tales

bird. They named the bird Fairy Robin. He was very friendly.

Here is a picture of the fairy girl and she is feeding the little bird from her hand. The bird has a kind of brown breast and all the other part of him is white and yellow. The fairy dressed in the same colors so that she would look pretty like the bird.

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STORIES BY ABRAHAM

A FAIRY GARDEN

Once there was a big garden with a fence around it. Roses were on the bushes and violets were down in the grass and maple leaves were on the trees. The flowers said, "Here is the house where we all live." The flowers were very happy. The morning glories said good morning to the roses and all the flowers said good morning to each other.

One day they had a nice party and they were all very happy to have the roses and daffy-dills there.

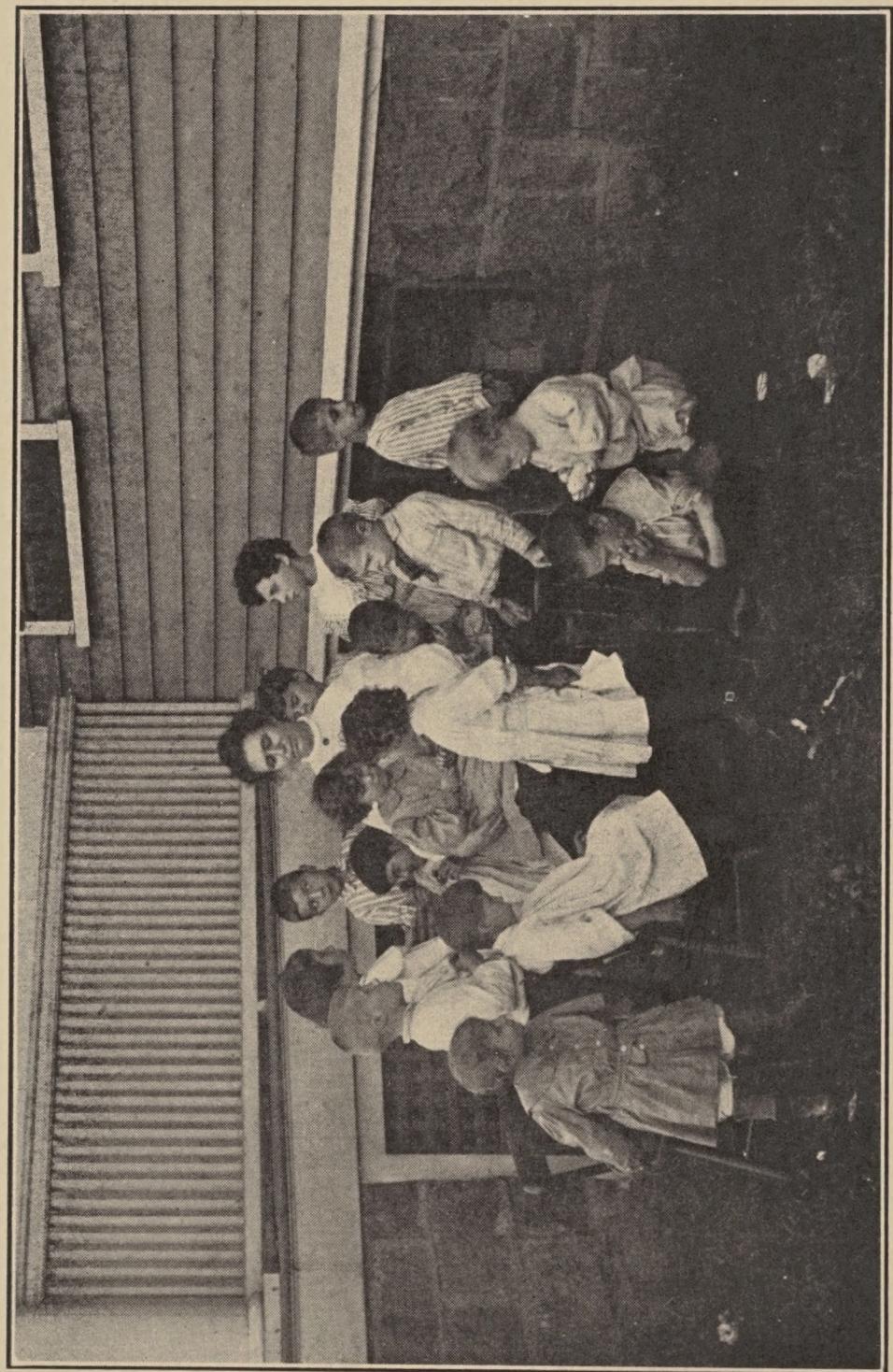
THE BIRDS' VOYAGE

Twenty-five little birds flew into a little ship and sailed across the water to

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another country. When they reached land they flew out of the ship to a hollow tree where a squirrel lived. They said good morning to the squirrel. The squirrel said, "Do you like nuts, little birds?" and the birds answered, "Yes, a little." And the squirrels said, "Will you have some nuts to eat?" and the birds all said, "No, I thank you." Then they all flew back to their boat and sailed away across the water to their own country.

My Blind Children's



GIVING ME A STORY ALL THEIR OWN

Fairy Tales

STORIES BY ANNIE PAVIA

A FAIRY STORY

When I went to fairyland I saw a little fairy sitting in a little chair on a tree. She was playing school with the birds.

IN FAIRYLAND

What did I see in fairyland? Well, I saw fairies, Italian fairies! They were shinning up the moon.

A LITTLE LADY GIRL

Once there was a little lady girl dressed in yellow and red. She went walking, and I met her on her way. She said, "Do you want Daffy-down-dillies?"

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THE FAIRY AND THE PRINCE

Once upon a time there was a little fairy and a little prince, and the prince lived in a palace. The prince said to the fairy, "Wouldn't you like to go with me for a walk?" The fairy was pleased to go, and they went to a small garden of white roses. The fairy said, "Isn't this a nice garden?" The flowers are all in bloom because they have been well cared for. The prince said, "Now we will go away from the garden so that the flowers will get plenty of fresh air."

One day while the little fairy girl was walking she again went to the prince's palace, and said: "I want to go and see the poor people." So they went. And what do you think she did for the poor? She planted a nice garden for them. The prince helped her to rake the earth and make it nice and soft. They took out all the stones, and then they planted the

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seed. The flowers grew and they made the people very happy. That is what beautiful hands can do. The fairy went home to her grandmother so she cannot be a fairy any more.

A LITTLE BOY AND GIRL

A little boy and girl lived together. They were brother and sister. These little children liked to walk and have a nice time with other little children. They were not selfish a bit. The little boy's name was Lawrence and the little girl's name was Mary. They were very kind and sweet.

They went to play with three little playmates. They lived in a warm country. They hadn't any trees, but a little tree had started to grow.

They picked flowers with honey in, and they said: "We will get a dish from mother, and a spoon." And they played

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that they put all the honey in the dish. They played that their little friend could not get the honey because she was too little. The little girl wore a dark red dress. They said: "Let our little visitor take anything she likes but the honey." She was like Baby Josephine, so she was too little to eat honey.

THE FAIRY GIRL

A little girl was looking in the water for pretty red sea-flowers. She was only a sunflower, but she thought she was a little girl. She said, "I will not be selfish," so she swam out and got a pretty sea-flower for the children.

The little sunflower looked far out over the water and saw a little girl and a lady. And she said that she would like to take them to fairyland and treat them to ice cream. The little fairy sunflower said: "These people are very nice, it would

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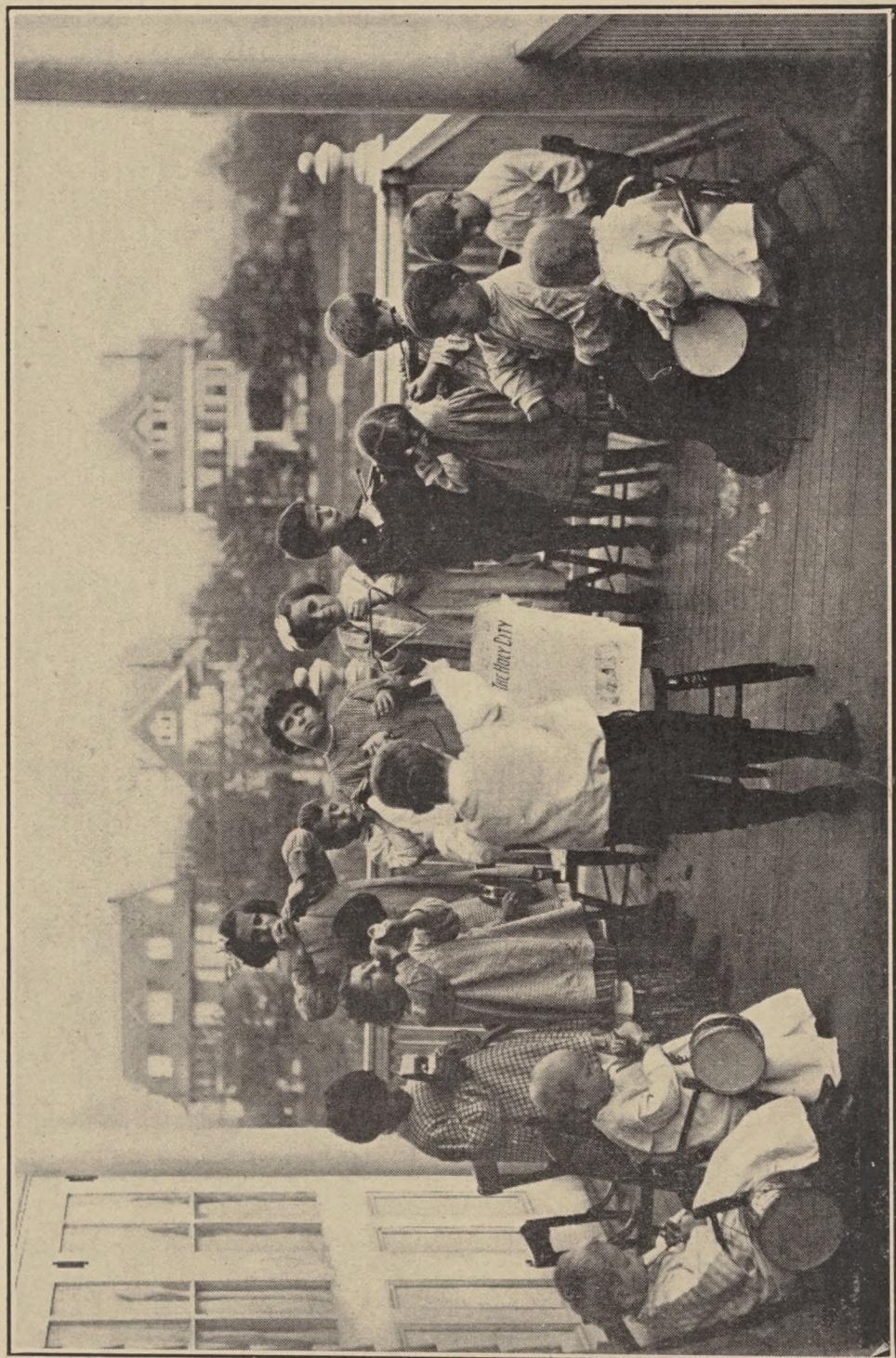
please me to treat them.” The sunflower came up out of the water and took you and I to fairyland. She asked if we wouldn’t like some pie, and we thanked her. The pie was made out of fairy blackberries.

MY VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

When I went to fairyland, a little fairy gave me ice cream—she made little chairs out of flowers, and she put them in the flower room. When the mamma fairy was out the baby was very happy and sang and made pretty things.

The children made a pretty flower window. They were sweeping and cleaning the floor of the flower room. The fairies bowed to me and said, “Good morning.”

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THE LITTLE BANDMASTER

Fairy Tales

STORIES BY CORNELIUS

MY TRIP TO FAIRYLAND

I went to fairyland with the birds. I lived with the fairies every day and they took me to their beach to play. The fairies gave me flowers and I brought some home.

THE WOLF-MAN

A lady was living in an ice palace, and a man came and gave her a pound of meat, and the lady was cooking a dinner, and a big fairy came along, and the big wolf-man came along and hit the fairy and she turned into candy.

My Blind Children's

STORIES BY WILLIAM M.

THE FAIRY BIRD

I saw a fairy bird. He was flying through the air; he flew on the heads of the fairies, and the fairies laughed. The fairies liked it and told the bird to do it again, but the bird flew away.

THE FAIRY BABY

I saw a little tiny fairy baby in a fairy cradle and the fairy mamma was rocking it to sleep. I saw a bird flying in the air and I saw a dog in fairyland, and he went out in the water and was swimming around. I saw a frog; he could not talk, but he could move around in the water. The frog was playing in the water with the dog. The bird flew away and the dog wanted to catch it, but could not.

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STORY BY WILLIAM K.

A FAIRY MAN

Once I saw a fairy man and he built a house out of shell, and after the house was all built he made a chimney out of shell for Santa to come down. Then he made shell furniture. He made a heater out of stones, and he made a stone porch and he put gas on the porch.

He made chains out of grass and hung them on the house and about the windows.

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STORIES BY ROBERT

THE WILD FAIRY

Once there was a fairy and he lived in a cottage, and he was very wild. One day he went out and found a long snake and he cut his lung out. Then the fairy ran back home and left the snake laying there.

A FISH STORY

A little fairy went fishing and caught a fish, but when he went to weigh it he found that he had forgotten his scales; so he went home for it, then came back and weighed the fish and put him back in the water. Wasn't he a good fairy?

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A PIG STORY

Once there was a mother pig and she had two little baby pigs. She told them to go out and build their own little house. Their house had a basement, hall, stairs, and a bedroom and window. The house stood on a hill.

The first little pig asked for some bricks to make a house with. He was given only five bricks and that only made a parlor and window and a door. In this room they slept and ate and everything.

Then came a wolf and he wanted to get in and eat them up, but could not. The wolf got killed by a big iron ball that fell on him, and the pigs lived happy ever after.

THE TURTLE

Once there lived a big lazy turtle and then there lived a little fish in a little hole

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and another little fish. And then another little turtle and another one. And then there lived four little bullfrogs.

The big turtle was very lazy, and would not move a bit. Then the little fish said, "If you don't move, some one will catch you." The other little fish tried to move him, but the turtle got mad and kicked. Then the little turtle that was near the fish got on top of the big turtle, but could not make him go. Then the four frogs got an idea and whispered it to the little turtle that was near to the little turtle that got on top of the big lazy turtle. This little turtle said that they should all move to-morrow morning and leave the big lazy turtle there. If he did not go, he would see what would happen to him.

So next morning the bullfrogs got up at four o'clock, and woke up the two little turtles and then they went over and got up the two little fishes and they all

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tried to get up the big turtle, but he would not move. Then they said, "You'll see what will happen." So they all moved in their car and left the big lazy turtle in the same hole behind them.

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WHAT FUN WE HAD PLAYING READ

Fairy Tales

STORIES BY OLIVE

A CAT STORY

Three little mice went to the door and they saw a cat with such a funny face on him that they ran away. This made the cat very sorry, so he asked the birds to make him into a bird.

THE STORY OF A FROG

A frog had on his best fur coat and everybody laughed at the frog. He did not like the sunshine and he did not like the summer. He was just a plain frog who wanted to do nothing. He would not walk around or run about. One day a man came along and stole him.

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THE FAIRY ANIMALS

The fairy dog always bought something for the fairy cat, and the fairy cat always liked the fairy dog, and when he went away they said good-bye.

Then a fairy pig came and gave the horse something to eat, and he stayed a little longer than the fairy cat. The fairy horse stayed until the fairy lamb came. Then they all went away and there were no more animals in fairyland.

A FAIRY STORY

A fairy lived away out in the country by himself. But he did not like the country very much, so he went to the city, where he got no fresh air. An Indian girl came to the fairy and said, "How do you do?" and she went away and got three packages of balls—she got nine balls, and gave them to the fairy. When

Fairy Tales

the girl gave the nine balls she took off a feather and put on a new one. Every time she took off a red feather she put on a blue feather and made herself look funny. She had a white feather mixed in with the red and blue.

THE FAIRY HEN

A fairy hen went out into the woods to pick up chips and to get something to eat. She did not like to stay in the woods very much, so when she got through picking up chips she came back to fairy-land.

She played the piano and a fairy duck came to see her. And a fairy hen came with her chickens to call on the fairy hen. Then she fed the chickens and put them all to bed, because she was going to bed herself. Then a fairy came and said, "How do you do?" And the fairy went away, and the hens said to the

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chickens, "Go to sleep," and they went to sleep and slept till morning.

FAIRY KIND

A fairy boy and girl went around the whole world selling papers with stories in them about little fairies and lambs.

A fairy went around the whole world taking the people and putting them in her house, giving them something to eat. She even gave the birds something. Then she said to her mother, "Look at what I have done," and her mother was pleased.

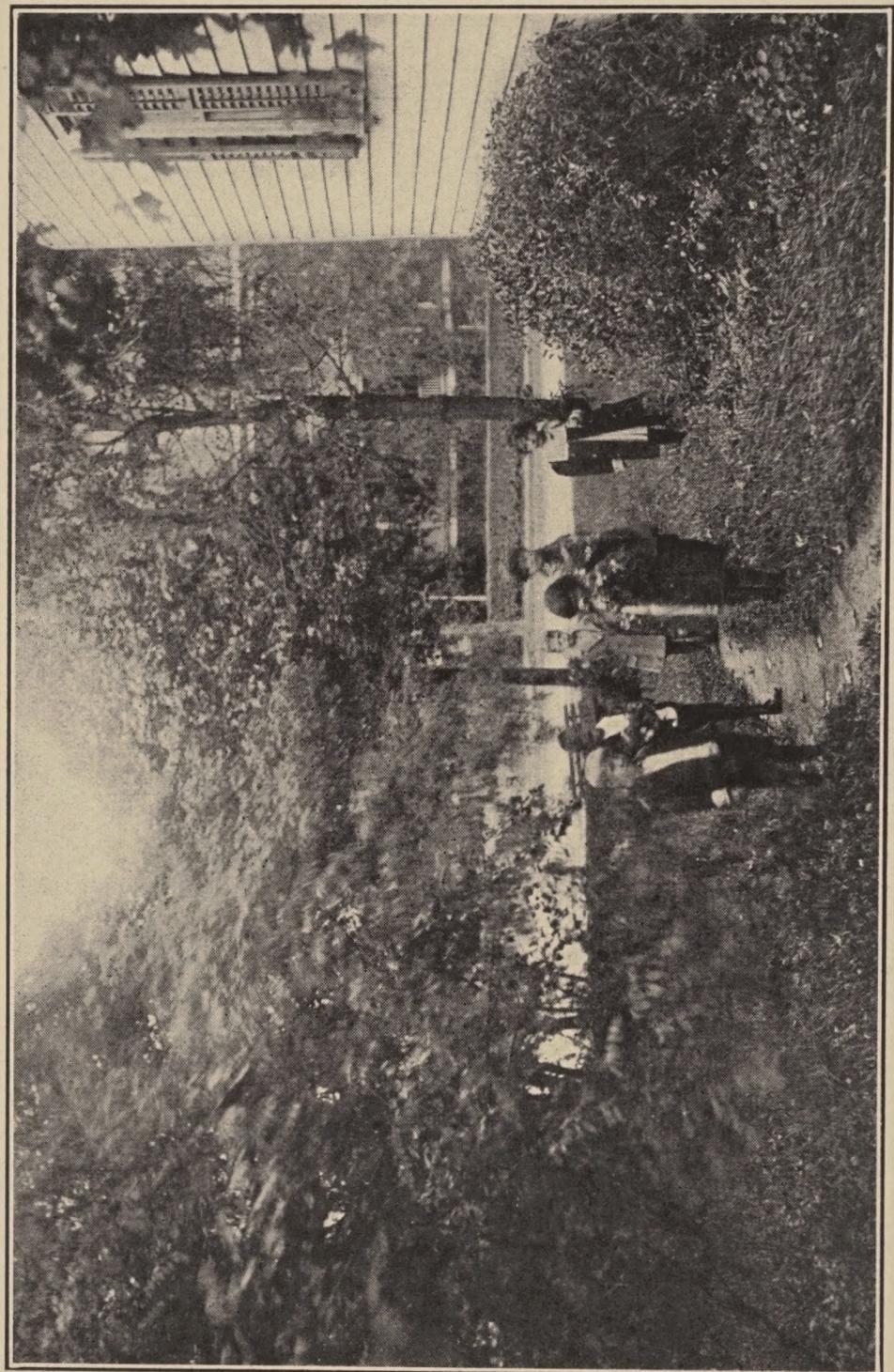
Then the people all went away and the birds flew to their nests. The next day she took them away from their own homes and gave them very nice homes, and they all thanked the fairy.

This fairy was called Fairy Kind, and all the people liked her so much they all gave her a gold watch and chain. So she had so many watches she hardly

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knew what to do. Even the little worms had been given a house by themselves and they gave her a gold watch and chain, and a gold ring with three diamonds and a blue stone in it. And Fairy Kind kept this gift for years and years. When her little girl grew up and didn't break things she gave it to her. She gave all the nice things to her, and the little girl kept them until she grew old; then she gave them to another little girl who kept them and cared for them even better than she had.

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THE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN BOUNCE BETTS

Fairy Tales

STORIES BY EMMA

A MAY FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time there were fairy birds in Fairyland and they were changing their clothes, putting on jeweled rings. When they went out all the fairies said, "What lovely birds those are, all dressed up, getting ready for June." The June fairies came and danced with the blind children.

STORY OF THE INSECTS

A little girl was sitting in the grass and all the insects came and sat by her and played with her. The bees gave her honey. The next day the little girl came out again and brought little boxes with her filled with food for the insects, so

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the insects came and got into the boxes. There was a box for the bees and it was filled with flowers. Grass was in the box for the grasshoppers. After a time all the insects wanted to go home, so the little girl let them all out and they went away; and that was the end of the story.

THE BOY FAIRY

Once there was a boy fairy and he lived upon a leaf. He made his house on the leaf and he made windows to his house all of leaves. He found a poor, sick fairy and he took him to his home, and when Christmas came Santa sent him a great deal of money. Then he was very rich and he took good care of sick fairies. Once his house blew away, so he made a house on a vine. He made it out of peanut shells. The worms on the vine grew up and turned into fairies.

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A FAIRY DOLL

Once upon a time a girl had a little fairy doll and she could talk, walk, and go downstairs, and she could take care of the other dolls. The mother wrote to Santa Claus to bring her a doll's house for Christmas. One day this little doll put her house on the stoop. Every morning the doll got up early and one morning she found a little doll at the door of the doll's house.

A LITTLE GIRL

A little girl was sitting in a high chair near a window, making clothes for her doll. When she grew up, she taught little girls to sew, and they grew to be very nice, good little girls. Then a great giant came and gave her a big bag of money for being so good to little girls.

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THE FAIRY BEES

When I went to fairyland I saw fairy buzzing bees, and the fairies played with them. Every day the bees went out and gathered honey and gave it to the fairies, and they made ice cream out of it.

The fairies went to see where the bees got the honey, and they turned the fairies into bees. The fairies made dolls out of flowers, and they made cake out of the honey from roses. The bees turned a little piece of honey into a little fairy, and they made her a golden cradle out of flowers.

A BABY FAIRY

I saw a little baby fairy making a little heart out of grass, and she was also making a little cradle out of golden-rod. She picked too many flowers, so

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she made some of them into fairies. One day she took some water and let it freeze, and next day it was turned into jelly, so she put some honey in it and made it sweet. She picked some flowers and made chairs out of them. She made dishes and spoons out of shells. She made hearts out of shell and put one on all of the fairies. And out of some honey she made rubbers, shoes, and gloves. And the fairies all went to a picnic. They went early and took their dancing slippers.

A FAIRY BIRD'S EGG

A long time ago a little girl found an egg of a fairy bird. She kept it warm and the little bird hatched out. The fairy girl cared for it and fed it every day. Then the little girl went across the water and she turned into a real little girl. Fairies never go out of fairy-

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land without they want to be turned into people that live on the earth. At first the little girl spoke only fairy language, but when she was five or six years old she learned to speak as we do, and she was the sweetest little girl her aunt ever had.

THE FAIRY BABY

When I went to fairyland I saw a little fairy and she lived in a little house made of flowers. She made a cradle out of golden-rod. One night when she went to bed a little fairy came and slept in the cradle. The fairy heard crying in the night, and when she looked there was the fairy baby in the golden cradle. The fairy fed her every morning, she fed her with fairy food. One day she took her to a friend's house to a party. They arrived just in time. They had ice cream and cake. The fairies made the ice cream

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out of honey from different kinds of flowers. After the ice cream they had a dance and march. They had such a good time they wanted to stay all night.

STORY OF A LITTLE BOY AND GIRL

A little boy and girl lived together in the same house. They had a box of morning glories growing outside their window. The flowers were very beautiful. One morning they heard some one knocking at the window and when they looked there stood a little fairy. She was dressed to look like the flower of the morning glory. The children loved the little fairy, so she came often to see them. She felt sorry for the children. One day she came and turned two of the morning glory flowers into a father and mother for the little boy and girl.

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THE LITTLE BLIND GIRLS GATHERING FLOWERS

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NOTE

The little Story-Tellers no longer live at the old Cropsey Homestead at Bensonhurst, but we often visit the place. Sometimes we take a lunch and spend the day. Often the children ask, with tears in their eyes, why we moved away from the dear old house. I have tried to explain that we did not own the old house, and that it was our home only for one summer, but they ask, "Why don't we own it? We lived there." "Yes," said Cornelius, "and we had a big, *big* playroom for rainy days, and a nice big schoolroom, and we could hear the rain patter on the roof." Annie P. says that she "liked Bensonhurst best of all because the flowers and the birds seem so happy." And there was always space in the playroom for the dolls' bureau, and the dolls' walnut bedstead, and the girls could "play lady" every day. Each child has his or her own reason for liking

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the old Bensonhurst house. Annie B. says, "Oh, it was lovely at the beach! The water came swimming up to me."

The blind babies have a beautiful new home at Dyker Heights, but the children have never been quite happy here, because the schoolroom is too small and we have no playroom. I tell them that our new home is really very pretty and that our friends are all working to pay for it. Harold said, "I know it is nice because my great-grandmother said so." And the little Bandmaster said that his mother liked our new home very much.

"Well, children," I said, "some day we may find some kind person to help us build a new playroom and a new schoolroom, and then I think we shall all be very happy." The children were eating supper, and to my surprise the boys all shouted, "We'll help to build the playroom!"

And when I wanted to know how much little boys could help at such big work, the Bandmaster said that he could carry the boards to the carpenter and Harold said that he would hand the carpenter the saws and the hammer and nails,

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and "Captain" said that he would "help a whole lot."

By this time they had become so excited that I had to call them to order. As soon as I could make myself heard, I said: "Now, boys and girls, don't get so excited; we shall not be able to have a playroom right away. We shall have to wait until we get the money, before the builder will send the carpenters here. "Oh!" said Cornelius, "I will give him all of my money and if there is any left you may have it." "Well, Cornelius, how much money have you?" I asked. He thought a moment and then said: "Well, I don't know, but the last time my mother was here she gave me twenty-five cents." "Captain" said, "You may have my money," and Harold shouted, "My money is up stairs in a little bag and when you go up you get it!" The Bandmaster said: "My father has money and when I go home I will ask him for some. Why!" he exclaimed, "when I went home my father had a dollar the day we went to the candy store." Then little Rachel stood up at the end of the table and said: "Here, Mother Tregear, you may have my penny."

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I told this story to a friend and she said: "I bet they get the playroom." "Well," I said, "we shall see what can be done. I cannot be as generous as my boys and give all I have, but I will give the money from the sale of 'My Blind Children's Fairy Tales.' "

C. M. T.

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LITTLE RACHEL

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